

Vale of Evesham. The pretty Florella married the 'Squire's steward, and both continued to live in that gentleman's house, rather as visitors of distinction than as servants. Mr. Stubbs was offered a very valuable living at some distance; but, as he was not a man of the world, he chose rather to accept of a small pension from the hands of the generous Mr. Simpson.

As Amintor and his sister advanced in years, the sander they grew of visiting those delightful spots, on the banks of the Avon, where, in their infant days, they had so often sat side by side, reading their little books, tending their flocks, and listening to the songs of the feathered tribe, and the musick of the meandering currents.

“How sweet it is, (said Amintor) sometimes to visit these pleasing spots, where we passed our infant hours, undisturbed by the cares of the world, and strangers to the dreadful possessions of envy and ambition!

ambition! What are painted courts, gilded palaces, but the sorrowful abode of trouble, vexation, and disappointment? Here Nature is undisguised, and Time opens her treasures to our view every day. Take! On this spot, my dear Florella, I will build and endow a school for the instruction of young shepherds to write.”

Amintor was as good as his word. A little building was erected, and a number of handsome appointments, to the use of twenty young shepherds. Florella, thinking something ought to be done on her side, added a wing to the building for the reception of twelve little shepherdesses. The virtuous and happy Amintor and Florella lived to see the good effects of their charity, in whose memory the Vale of Evesham annually resounds, while the young shepherds and shepherdesses dance round their graves, decorated with flowers. The sound of the tabor and the pipe.